



THE
R A P E
OF
P O M O N A.



[Price One Shilling.]

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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THE
RAPE OF POMONA.

AN ELEGIAC EPISTLE,

FROM THE

WAITER AT HOCKREL,

TO THE

HONOURABLE MR. LITTON.

Monstrum horrendum, informe ingens cui lumen ademptum,

Eripit è femore, et trepidanti fervidus instat.

VIRG.

*By John Courtney Esq Member for
Devonport*

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MDCCLXXIII.

THE
RAPD OF POMONA
IN THE
PATTER OF HOCKNEY

STANDARD



LONDON
Printed by A. Blagden, No. 28, in Lincoln's Inn
MCCCLXXIII

A D V E R T I S E M E N T

B Y T H E

E D I T O R.

THIS Elegiac Epistle is founded on a recent Tranfaction. Sally Harris (the poetical Pomona) attended Mr. Bolton's Inn at Hockrel, and served the Guests with Fruit: Her Beauty, Wit and Coquetry, gained her many Admirers. To the Surprize of every Body she lately eloped with Mr. Ly—tt—n. It seems he had betted One Hundred Guineas with Mr. B—ke that Sally would refuse him the last Favour. As Mr. B. was determined to win his Bet, by every honourable Means, he offered Sally the whole Sum for her Compliance, which the generous Girl nobly refused. Mr. L. was charmed by her Behaviour, and she conceived a

B

reci-

6 A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

reciprocal Affection for him, as he had ventured a Hundred Guineas on her Virtue.

The Author of this Poem is said to be a Cambridge Student, who had assumed the Character of a *Waiter*, out of pure Love to his dear Sally.—In the Epistle some Circumstances are misrepresented, and a different Turn very improperly given to the Catastrophe. It is probable, I think, that the young Poet, irritated by her Elopement, has gratified his Resentment at the Expence of his *once* beloved Mistress and her Lovers.

THE
R A P E
OF
P O M O N A.

MY Woes, alas! the plaintive MUSE must tell,
 Let the Guests wait—*no more I hear the Bell;*
 No more I view POMONA's rip'ning Charms,
 Ravish'd for ever, from these longing Arms.
 Why would my darling quit the peaceful Shade,
 Ah, why resign the Virtue of a Maid?
 Amidst the wicked Town in Silks to blaze,
 And shine among the Nymphs, with *Charlotte Hayes?*
 Here long she reign'd, rejecting ev'ry Bribe,
 And triumph'd o'er the Maccaroni Tribe:

Her

Her glowing Hand could all their Passions cool,
 (The only Lesson, that they learn'd at School)
 Chaste, yet indulgent to their am'rous Glee,
 " Her Hand was *guilty*, but her Heart was free."

The *young Defaulter* try'd in vain his Wiles,
 His Father's Bounty; his insidious Smiles;
 Skill'd in each Art to win, and to deceive,
 He like the Serpent tempted beauteous Eve:
 In Accents mild, she still rejects his Suit,
 The *Rind* she feels, but never *tastes* the Fruit.

H—re, shares his Fate, * that Critic fam'd so long
 For *Scavoir vivre*, and the true *bon ton*,
 Unhappy Youth, who late with weeping Eyes,
 Beheld the Knife stretch'd forth to circumcise;

* *That Critic.*] With great Ingenuity he has found out, that there
 is neither Sense nor Poetry in the Heroic Epistle to Sir W. C.

Who

Who view'd with horror the inhuman Feast,
 And for his F—x supply'd a horned Beast,
 Lo G—ft—n (lab'ring for the Public Good)
 Caught by the Horns in *Whittlebury* * Wood !
 H—re's pious Wit on Chinese Taste refines,
 And treats the Court with Scripture pantomimes ;
 Hoping his Grace might represent a Ram,
 And Charles escape the Seed of Abraham :
 Fruitless his Wish—Can Israel's Sons relent ?
 The Jews reject *Vicarious* Punishment.
 What could he more, his Patron's Grace to win,
 But as a Pledge, deposit the Foreskin !
 This sacred Pledge young F—l—y may receive,
 'Tis all that F—x, and all that H—re can give.
 Her Beauty, gallant C—mb—d could move,
 He calls her Emma, *writes* to win her Love :

* Vide Junius's Letters.

This classic Truth, each soft Epistle tells,
 Love * is a Child, and like a Child he spells.
 His Bible Oaths, can't win the blooming Lads,
 Nor like a L—tt—I, will she † *sell the Pass*.
 In Union sweet had Hymen knit the Bands,
 And join'd POMONA's, and great FREDERIC's Hands,
 His Highness then had match'd without disgrace,
 For who can tell *that* Fair One's *Name*, or Race!
 Nor would ‡ *late* Dinners the *dear Creature* shock,
 POMONA's Spouse might dine at *Five* o'Clock ;

* *Tibullus*.

† The Reader is desired to consult the Memoirs of the L—tt—I Family.

‡ The Dutches of B—lt—n can best relate the Particulars of a conjugal Squabble between the Royal Pair on this Subject—It is said, that his Highness exclaimed with great Spirit—"A Blow, and from a mortal Hand!"

Or

Or fail High Adm'ral over Windsor Ponds,
When from a Court the Royal Youth absconds.

See gay F—tz—k, by her Beauty smit,
In vain addresſes, with fallacious Wit.

“ A Maidenhead but tempts me to affail,

“ As the white Plume betrays the Woodcock's Tail;

“ Diffolv'd in Love, resign a Virgin's Name,

“ Then Rakes and Prudes no more can blaſt your Fame.

“ —So prudent Cits, deep read in Gain or Loſs,

“ Spunge their new Cloaths, tho' it deſtroy the Gloſs,

“ The moiſten'd Drab its Credit will maintain,

“ Nor ſpot, nor ſhrink by drizzly Fogs, or Rain.”

To Hockrel, Or—f—d drives in full Career,
With Hawks and Dogs, his Patty, and his Deer;
Forgets his *Place*, his Monarch's Shirt and State,
POMONA's Smock oft made our Sov'reign wait.

—To weeping Friends may Heav'n restore *him* soon,
 Nor let us hear, "those sweet Bells out of Tune."
 How skill'd he was in each obliging Art,
 With true Politeness, flowing from the Heart :
 I drop my Pen—the trickling Tears diffuse,
 And check the Rovings of the sportive Muse.
 Why should I amorous B—rlt—on forget,
 Who by his *distanc'd* Horses * wins the Bet !!
 His sacrilegious Arts he tries in vain,
 POMONA 'scapes from † Cloacina's Fane.
 —Graceful she smiles, her Hand to all extends,
 Her Virtue keeps, and by her Wit offends.
 " No more by mean Deception hope to please,
 " I've *seen* and *felt*—you're only fit to *teize* ;

* *Who by his distanc'd Horses, &c.*] The Solution of this Paradox
 is, with all due Deference, submitted to the Jockey Club.

† His usual Place for surprizing shy Nymphs, or consummating the
 Intrigue.

" Such

" Such *Things* can't chear a fondly sighing Wife
 " With *Cordial Drops*, the Balm of human Life.
 " The wishing Bride, instead of Rapture finds
 " Enervate Bodies, unimpassion'd Minds;
 " Ye tinsel'd Beaux, who flutter, lie and boast,
 " As flimsy Silk is known to rustle most,
 " To Female Frailty wherefore fix Disgrace,
 " Since Wives by Cuckoldom *build up* your Race,
 " As Husbandmen by * *Horns* of Sheep refine
 " The Grape's soft Juice, and mellow it to Wine."
 This stern Rebuke, the filken Fops admire,
 They bow with Rev'rence, and to White's retire.

* *Horns of Sheep*, &c.] Mr. Locke in a Treatise on the Culture of Vineyards, says, " It was a received Opinion, that burying a Sheep's Horn at the Root of a Vine makes it thrive."—The Impropriety of this Allusion, in the Character of POMONA, must be obvious to the Critical Reader.

D

Thus,

Thus, if small Things we may with great compare,
 When John Wilkes sends his Aldermen to War,
 Tho' Townshend blush! the greasy Herd kneel down,
 Abuse the Senate, and revile the Crown;
 To prove their Loyalty by Form and Rule,
 In each Remonstrance, say—"the K—g's a Fool;
 "The Commons—Knives, who by a Stretch of Pow'r,
 "Sent brazen Crosby to the bloody Tow'r:"
 (Undaunted Man, who dire Misfortunes bore,
 The first Lord May'r that heard a Lyon roar.)
 And "therefore, since these Grievances are true,
 To gracious GEORGE, his loyal Subjects sue,
 That he the venal Senate may disband,
 And let the Common-Council kiss his Hand."
 With just Contempt, GEORGE views the solemn Farce,
 Tells them, they jest, and bids them kiss his — :

Amaz'd,

Amaz'd, abash'd, the Alley Jobbers stare,
 Creep to their Den, to act the BULL or BEAR.
 But THOU, false Lover of a Maid so good,
 Thou, mean Defenter * of thy Father's Blood,
 Still on thy Steps may injur'd † D—wf—n wait,
 And furly Bailiffs still besiege thy Gate;
 With Cheats and Bawds consume thy worthless Life,
 And use each Mistress, as ‡ you use your Wife.
 Surpass our Shannon Heroes § in all Vice,
 Those *Black-Legs*, arm'd with Impudence and Dice;
 Who

* *Thou mean Defenter.*] The Poet here addresses Mr. L—tt—n, and pays a just and merited Compliment to Lord Lyttelton, whom the Public have long esteemed for his Virtue and Abilities.

† *Injur'd D—wf—n.*] A foolish Widow, who chose to make Mr. L—tt—n the Guardian of her Person and Fortune, and now enjoys the Fruits of her Credulity.

‡ *As you use your Wife.*] A few Nights after Mr. L—tt—n's Marriage, he complaisantly attended his Bride to the Play. In the next Box sat a Lady with two or three of her beautiful Children. Struck with the amiable Group, Mrs. L—tt—n modestly whispered a sentimental Wish, that she might one Day be as happy: In Reply the polite Husband exclaimed in an audible Voice—" You be d—n'd, you Chicken-breasted B—h, you have neither A—e nor B—b—s.—"

§ *Surpass our Shannon Heroes.*] No injurious national Reflection is meant by the Author, who entertains the highest Esteem for the *real* Gen—

Who like *Nid B—ke*, from Liffey's Bogs depart,
 (*Brogue* on each Tongue, and Mischief in each Heart :)
 That *moral* Teague, who in Religion's Cause,
 Wrote his fam'd Treatise on the *penal* * Laws ;
 That Patriot firm, by Ministers unbought,
 Who purchas'd Land † for which the Caribs fought ;

Gentlemen of Ireland.—The Objects of his Satire are excellently described in one of Mr. Churchill's best Performances.

—— With partial View
 Form'd general Notions from the *Rascal Few* ;
 Condemn'd a People, as for Vices known,
 Which, from *their* Country *banish'd*, sack our own.

ROSCIAD.

* *On the penal Laws.*] Mr. B. some Years ago compos'd an elaborate Essay, pointing out with great Elegance and Strength of Reason the Injustice and bad Policy of the penal Laws in force against the Roman Catholics in Ireland, as incompatible with the Principles of Toleration, and the Rights of Mankind. Just as his Treatise was ready for the Press, a Renegado Relation of his died who had acquired an Estate by turning Informer, *which* he bequeathed to the conscientious Edmund. The Piece was instantly suppressed, as Mr. B. was suddenly convinced that the penal Laws are beneficial to Society, and the Bulwark of the Protestant Religion.

† *Who purchas'd Land.*] The true Motive of Edmund's Travels was occasioned by his purchasing some of the Caribs' Property in St. Vincent. —As he found himself a little embarrassed by Mr. Townshend's Motion, he wisely withdrew till the Affair was settled to his Satisfaction.

Then

Then skulk'd to France—now in St. Omer's Strain,

He paints the Blessings of a Louis' Reign*.

What can his specious Eloquence impart!

—The Schoolmen's Logic, and the quibbling Art.

The splendid Sophist fills us with amaze,

But who's convinc'd by subtle Quirks of Phrase?

So may the Artist with a Spider vye,

And Cobwebs † spread, which never catch a Fly.

My throbbing Breast with Indignation burns,

The modest Muse for sweet POMONA mourns;

I see her fainting, hear her murm'ring Cries,

When L—tt—n had conquer'd by *surprise*.

* *Of a Louis' Reign.*] Mr. B——, with his usual Accuracy and Candour, entertained the House with a comparative View of the French and English Government, and concluded his Declamation with a Panegyric on the former, in which he was thought to be sincere.

† *And Cobwebs spread.*] This alludes to Mr. Hanger's exquisite Imitation of a Spider's Web, No. 117, at the Artists Exhibition.

E

Meanly

Meanly ambitious her chaste Vows to shake,
 Full in her View he plants Hibernian B—ke.
In her Mind's Eye, his great *Shelalagh* stands,
 Like Moses' Rod amidst Ægyptian Wands.
 Quick thro' her Frame the thrilling Passions rise,
 And liquid Lustre darted from her Eyes.
 So have I seen the Candle's bright'ning Rays,
 When a *Thief* makes it both dissolve and blaze.
 Struck by the fatal fascinating Glance,
 She falls a Victim on his magic Lance.
 As the sweet soaring Lark by Toils beset,
 Drops weak and dazzl'd in the Poacher's Net.
 POMONA, like the purblind Bat is gor'd,
 That stakes itself on the too splendid Sword.
 —I can no more—by Shame, by Rage oppress'd,
 To B—ke and Ly—tt—n — I leave the rest..



F I N I S.

